DENTON JOURNAL.

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TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF—

Valuable REAL ESTATE

BY virtue of the power and authority vested in me by a decree of the Circuit Court for Caroline County, passed in the cause wherein Philip A. Marvel et al. were complainants and Gertrude H. Marvel et al. were defendants, the undersigned trustee will offer at public sale in front of the Court House door in the town of Denton, Caroline county, Maryland, on

Tuesday, July 19, 1910,

between the hours of two and four o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate: All that tract or parcel of land called

"Ratliff," "Ratcliff,"

or by whatsoever name or names the same may be called or known, situate on the road leading from Oldtown Branch to Genn's Shops, and contained within the following metes and bounds, to wit:

Beginning at a stone planted in the woods and fourteen perches from the original beginning, and running thence thirty four degrees east, fifty-eight and one-half perches; thence north, thirty-two and three-fourth degrees east, seventy-two perches; thence north, thirty-four degrees east, seventy-two and one-half perches to the aforesaid county road, and thence with the same eighty and one-fourth degrees east, fourteen perches; thence south, sixty-two and one-half degrees east, sixty-two and one-half perches to a stone planted on the side of the said road; thence south, sixteen and one-half degrees west, one hundred and seventeen and one-fourth perches; thence south, eighty degrees west, twenty-five perches; thence south, forty-two and one-half degrees west, one hundred and five and one-half perches to the outline of the whole tract; thence north, forty-six and one-fourth degrees west, eighty-seven perches to the place of beginning—containing

One Hundred and Thirty and one-fourth Acres of Land, more or less.

Being the same land conveyed by John F. Quillen and wife to Henry D. Marvel by deed dated January the second, nineteen hundred and six, and recorded in Liber T. L. D., No. 71, folio 222, one of the Land Record Books for Caroline county. Improvements:

Two-Story Dwelling House, Barn,

STABLE, and other outbuildings.

The above property is located about one-half mile from Goldsboro, and is well adapted for growing fruits, vegetables and other crops. It is so located that it can be divided, and would make most desirable homes.

TERMS OF SALE—One third of purchase money to be paid in cash on day of sale, balance in two equal instalments payable respectively in six and twelve months, with interest from day of sale. Deferred payments to be secured by bond or note of purchaser, with security approved by the trustee, or all cash at the option of the purchaser.

Title papers at expense of purchaser.

FRED R. OWENS,
F. P. Covey, Auctioneer. Trustee.

N. B. Any person desiring a loan on the above property can obtain it by applying to the undersigned.

FRED R. OWENS,
Attorney-at-Law, Denton, Md.

Order Nisi.

Edward B. Maloney and others
vs.
Hattie Maloney and others.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity.

Ordered, this the tenth day of June, 1910, by the Circuit Court for Caroline county, in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause, by Robert H. Maloney and Henry R. Lewis, trustees, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 12th day of August next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county once in each of four successive weeks before the 11th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $4035.

J. KEMP STEVENS,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Caroline county.
True copy—Test:
J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.

Order Nisi.

Susie E. Patton
vs.
Susie E. Patton, admrx., Amanda D. Kerr et al.

In the Orphans' Court of Caroline County. In Equity.

Ordered, this 7th day of June, 1910, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by T. Pliny Fisher, trustee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 13th day of August next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county once in each of four successive weeks before the 12th day of July next. The report states the amount of sales to be $3,000.

J. OLAN CLARK,
E. W. LIDEN,
I. T. FLEETWOOD.
True Copy—Test:
ROBERT J. JUMP,
Register of Wills for Caroline County.

Fine Residence for Sale

A nicely improved property on South Washington street, Easton, for sale. Good 11-room house, with all modern conveniences, including bath, hot and cold water, gas and telephone, and in good repair. The lot extends the length of the entire block through to West Street, and has a frontage of 40 feet. Will be sold reasonable on account of wanting to leave Easton. This property is worth an investigation. Apply to

j11d S. SCHEIDER.

Queenstown-Love Point Line

Via Str. "DREAMLAND" for Baltimore.

Lv. QUEENSTOWN	Week-Days, 7.30 p.m. Sundays, 12 m., 7.30 p. m.
Lv. LOVE POINT	Week-Days, 8.15 p. m. Sundays, 10.45a.m., 8.15p.m.
Lv. BALTIMORE	Daily (ex. Sunday) 2.45 p.m. Sundays, 9 a. m., 3.30 p. m.
Ar. QUEENSTOWN	Week-Days, 5.40 p. m. Sundays, 12 m. 6.30 p. m.

Round Trip, GOOD TWO DAYS, 50c.
Round Trip, good 10 days, 75c.
Round Trip to Annapolis, good 5 days, $1.50.
Round Trip to Philadelphia, via Ericsson Line, good 10 days, (day boat) $2.75, (night boat) $3.00.
Weather and conditions permitting.

JOHN C. BOSLEY, Supt.,
Commercial Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

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Beautiful Chests of Plated Ware at $10 and $18.

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Jeweler and Optician,
EASTON, : : : MARYLAND.

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Successor to H. Lay Beaven
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EASTON, MD.

Look Over This List:

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Fine Watch and Jewelry Repairing

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NEW STORE

706 Market Street

Owing to our present quarters being inadequate for our steadily increasing business, it was necessary for us to seek more room. Therefore at our NEW LOCATION we will be able to render our many customers better service and display our exclusive line of imported suitings to better advantage. An early inspection will assure you of a large and varied selection to choose from.

Thomas O'Connell,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
706 MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, : : DELAWARE.

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Md., Del. and Va. Ry. Company.

Railway Division.

SCHEDULE EFFECTIVE MAY 23RD, 1910.

EAST BOUND				WEST BOUND	
*117 A.M.	†109 P.M.	†103 A.M.		†106 P.M.	‡110 P.M.
7.45	3.15	6.35	Lv BALTIMORE Ar	12.05	10.00
11.22	6.52	10.10	.....DENTON.....	8.37	6.14
12.53	8.25	11.50	Ar. REHOBOTH Lv	7.00	4.35
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.

* Sunday only. † Daily, except Sunday. ‡ Daily.

T. MURDOCH, Gen. Passenger Agent.
I. E. JONES, Division Pass Agent
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Notice to Denton Taxpayers.

The Commissioners of Denton will sit Tuesday evening, July 5th, at 7.30 p.m., at Mr. E. G. Cooper's office, for the purpose of hearing appeals on 1910 assessments. By order of the Board,

je 25 C. LESLIE WALLS, Clerk.

COOL, CHARMING SUMMER DRESSES FOR WOMEN and MISSES—SPECIAL at $5.00

The illustration gives only a faint idea of the attractiveness of these dresses. They are all copied from high-priced imported models, and embody the newest ideas of the noted foreign designers.

Some are of linene, in white, light blue, pink, lavender and other dainty shades; others are of gingham and madras, in pretty checks and stripes.

All are one-piece models—some are elaborately embroidered; others are trimmed with val. lace, tucks or embroideries. They have Dutch neck or high lace collar; skirts are trimmed to match waist, and come in the plain pleated style as well as the new overskirt model.

All sizes for misses and women—14 to 18 years, and 34 to 44 bust measure

WOMEN'S AND MISSES' SUMMER SUITS OF STYLISH LINEN CRASH $5.00

They have perfectly plain-tailored, semi-fitted coats; single-breasted, with smoke pearl buttons, and neat shaped mannish collar and rever. The skirts are in a wide allover-pleated, high-kilted model.

The material is pure linen crash, in the natural tan color, which looks well, and wears as well as it looks.

All sizes—14 to 18 years for misses, and 34 to 44 bust measure for women.

WE Prepay freight on all purchases of $5.00 or over, to any point within 200 miles of Baltimore.

Hochschild, Kohn & Co.

BALTIMORE

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

AEROPLANE RACES

AVIATION WEEK AT ATLANTIC CITY

It is not a far cry back to "Darius Green and his flyin' machine" when aerial navigation was considered impossible.

To-day Atlantic City is preparing for a great Aviation Meet from July 2 to 11, when three of the greatest flyers of the modern world will demonstrate their mastery of the air.

Glenn H. Curtiss, the holder of the world's record for speed, will fly daily from July 4 to 11.

Walter E. Brookins, who holds the record for high flying, will give exhibitions July 7 to 11 in a Wright aeroplane.

This is the first contest between the Wright and Curtiss machines.

It is also expected that Charles K. Hamilton, the great long distance aviator, will be present, and race from July 7 to 11.

There will be prize events each day, including a fifty-mile flight over a five mile circular course, and prize high flying, July 7 to 11, directly over the beach front and ocean.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is the direct route to Atlantic City, and excursion tickets are on sale from all points. Connections are made in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, with trains over the Delaware River Bridge, all-rail route.

Look At These Prices!

100 sq. ft. good, inch, N. C. Flooring for $1.75
$1 Cypress Shingles, 6"x20", 95c for 100 pcs.
100 sq. ft. inch, German Siding for $1.95
100 Lath, No. 1, ¾"x1½"x4 ft. for 36c
A 4-panel 1⅛" painted Door, 2-6x6-6, $1.13
12 lt. glazed Windows, 8"x10", 1⅛" for 85c
A 5"x5" Porch Column, 8 ft. long, clear fir, 92c

Rough, seasoned, framing lumber, hardware, paints, etc., etc., at proportionate prices

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A FOURTH OF JULY INCIDENT.

Tale of a Midnight Adventure With a Derelict Balloon.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

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It was the night succeeding the Fourth of July, past 1 o'clock, a hot, tense night with a wild sky. The west was all solid black, a monstrous cloud perfectly level on top, and half the moon shone over it with undiminished splendor, while the other half was cut clean off.

I was returning home from visiting a patient, a poor person living on the outskirts of the town, and had taken a short cut through a field because of the threatening storm. The field is privately owned and publicly used. I have seen three games of baseball played upon it simultaneously, which will give you some idea of its extent. It is bare save for one tree, a great beech standing about midway of the eastern side.

But suddenly I was aware of another sound, a soft, stealthy rush of something toward me. Instinctively I shrank into a crouching posture, ready to run in any direction, while

THERE WAS NO SIGN OF HUMAN PRESENCE

my scared eyes scouted for the enemy. There towered between me and the vanishing moon an enormous, ghostly creature, like an afreet in a swirl of dark vapor. It swept by, almost within touch, and at the same instant the first chill breath of the approaching storm struck through the humid warmth of the night.

The thing that passed me was a balloon, the car just clear of the ground. It fled eastward across the field, and the big beech tree seemed to reach out and seize it. There was something so remarkable in the interposition of this solitary object in the airship's path toward destruction that I had the impression of a rescue, and my hands instinctively clutched.

I had not seen the car clearly, but my confused notion was that it contained several persons, and I looked to see them clambering out as I ran toward the spot. Nothing of the sort happened. There was no sign of human presence. The car swung higher than my head, and I could not be sure that there was not some person lying in the bottom of it. If so now was his last chance, for at any moment the inevitable tempest might come and the balloon go whirling over the quarry into the rock walled gorge of the river.

I jumped and caught the rim of the car and pulled myself up till I could look over. I saw a prone figure and a startlingly white face very close to mine—a girl's face. I can shut my eyes now and see it just as it looked then. Another moment and I had scrambled into the car beside her.

She was unconscious, seemingly in what is popularly known as a "dead faint," her hands thrown up over her head and clinched upon some cordage with a grip not easy to break. I fastened a rope under her arms and lowered her to the ground, and just then the squall struck. I felt the balloon struggling in the embrace of the tree and knew that it must break away, but meanwhile I could not get to the end of the rope by which I had lowered the girl. There seemed to be a thousand fathoms of it, and it was foul of everything in the car, and the girl was tied to the other end like an anchor.

I got out a small penknife, which was all I had, and sawed away with a dull blade, while horror lengthened every second to five minutes. If the balloon should break away and the girl be dragged after it—the thought froze my vitals. And when at last that rope was severed the breath went out of me in a great sob.

I had not dared to jump out to untie the rope lest I should dislodge the balloon, and indeed that was just what happened when I started hastily to climb from the car. While I still hung over the edge the airship burst its moorings and began to soar. I let go and dropped in the darkness farther than I cared about, perhaps twenty feet, but it seemed a mile.

My bones held, and presently I was afoot again after lying long enough to get my breath. There was a weakness in my knees, and my head swam, but the sense of responsibility tended to restore me, for the girl under the beech tree was my patient, requiring my immediate attention.

It may have been the cold rain upon her face that had revived her. At any rate, she had regained a sort of consciousness and had raised herself upon one arm. As I carried her into the shelter of the tree she uttered some incoherent words, but her first intelligible utterance was this, in a tone of awe stricken surprise, childish and charming:

"Did I come down?"

"Wasn't that your intention?" said I. "You can't have meant to stay up."

"Am I in Stockton? Where are all the people? Oh, it's night! They've all gone home."

With that she began to cry.

Her mind was not yet clear, and for some minutes she favored me with odds and ends of comment upon multitudes of people, all of whom were looking at her. "And they didn't know"—that was the recurrent phrase upon her lips. All those people looked at her, and there was something that they didn't know. I could not make out what. She seemed to conceal it intentionally, as if it were a secret.

Evidently she had made the ascent in Stockton, which was fifty miles from Garrison's field, where we two strangers, so miraculously met, sat under the beech tree in the wild storm, but I learned little else about the matter except that she had sailed the air alone. This was a relief, for she had said "father" several times, and I had at first feared that her father had ascended with her and had met with some accident.

"There was an anchor in the car," said I. "Why didn't you throw it out?"

"I didn't know how," she answered, "and then I fainted—oh, I don't remember how many times—whenever I looked down."

"But why were you so frightened?" I asked. "What went wrong?"

"I couldn't do anything," she said. "I thought I knew something about it, and I didn't. It all went out of my head."

"Had you had much experience?"

"Experience?" she repeated.

"Had you been up often before?"

"I never was up before," she answered, and by the flare of lightning I saw the childish terror in her big blue eyes.

"In heaven's name," I cried aghast, "who let you go?"

"They didn't know," said she.

I was silent, thinking, but the picture of the balloon dashed to pieces, as it must have been by that time, and the wreck of it hanging to a precipice or drifting down the river somewhat overpowered my reasoning faculties.

"You mean," said I at last, "that the people in Stockton thought that you had had experience—that you were a skilled aeronaut. You made them think so?"

"Yes. I knew enough for that."

"But why did you do such an insane thing?"

She did not answer.

"Is your father a balloonist?"

"Yes."

"It was he that was to have made the ascent?"

"Yes," she answered, with evident reluctance.

It had seemed to me that she was rather shabbily clad. I mean that her attire as I saw it in the glare of the lightning somehow gave me the impression of a "best dress" which had seen too much service.

"You were obliged to have the money," said I. "Your father had engaged

"I CLUTCHED THE ROPES AND FAINTED AGAIN."

to go and could not. The balloon was already there, and all was prepared. You went in his place. Is he ill?"

"No," she answered and again burst into tears.

I knew not what to make of it. Her father could not be dead. She had spoken of him in a way to make me sure that he still lived. What was the explanation, then, of her having taken his place? He might be a drunkard. It was all that I could think of, and the possibility of it cut me off from further questioning along that line.

"Where do you live?" I asked when she had ceased to weep.

She was silent, and so was I. We sat there in the black darkness interspersed with dazzling illuminations from the heavens, sheltered by the broad trunk of the tree to windward and by the unusual thickness of its foliage so that the ground was dry beneath us and for a little space around.

"I would rather not tell you any more," she said after a long interval, and there was something that went straight to my heart in her manner of speaking—a natural candor and trustfulness, a gentleness that was pained even by so small a matter as the refusal to satisfy my curiosity. Such were the traits that I divined in her.

"Tell me as little as you please," said I. "It seemed that I must learn something about you in order to serve you properly in this extraordinary situation, but it might have been more kind to give you a bit of information first. My name is Harold Latimer. I am a doctor, a bachelor, a ball player and an amateur balloonist, like yourself, having just made my first ascension. I am six feet tall and weigh 200 pounds except when I fall out of a

SHE WALKED WITH ME TO THE HOUSE OF MY FATHER.

balloon as I did just now; then I weigh a ton."

"Where is it?" she said, with a shudder.

"The balloon?" said I. "It is gone—wrecked, I fear, but that's my fault, for I should have fastened it. I will assume the financial responsibility for its loss. Who owned it?"

"Father," said she. "It was a very old one. I am glad it is gone. I don't want any one I care for to go up in one again."

"If we should become friends," said I, "so that I might be included in the suburbs of that wish, so to speak, you have my promise that I will not navigate the air. Once is enough for me."

And then I told her how she had come sailing across the field and how the good beech tree which was now our roof against the storm had stood in her path so that she might come to no hurt.

"My name is Lucy Calderwood," said she.

"John Calderwood's daughter!" I exclaimed. "Why, I remember him. I saw him make an ascent from this very field fifteen years ago or more. I would have given the tip of my ear to go up with him then, but prudence comes to us with age. I have not heard of him lately."

"He gave up ballooning for some years until recently," said she. "There is so much of it now in the papers that he took it up again, hoping to make some money."

She proceeded to tell me that the Fourth of July committee of Stockton had offered her father a good sum for an ascent and that she had received it just before leaving the earth's surface—with very little hope of returning to it alive. I judged—and that she had sent the money home by her small brother, who was present. But why she had done this suicidal act she would not say. It was not for the mere money.

The rain was now over, and she walked with me to the house of my father, where I then lived. My father is a rock ribbed Yankee and impervious to surprises, but my mother is a southern woman bred in the extreme of conventionality. Her emotions at sight of her son coming home at 2 in the morning with a very beautiful girl whom he had met in a manner so irregular I leave to the imagination.

Now, the rest of this is a love story, and I have no art to tell that sort of tale. Moreover, it ran very smoothly and might seem tame in print. There is, however, a mystery to be cleared up, and here is the fact about it.

John Calderwood had become a drunkard—not a steady toper, but a victim of periodical sprees. Under the influence of liquor, on the afternoon of July 3, he had stolen a sum of money from his employer in an absurdly open manner. For this offense he was arrested on the morning of the Fourth, or been robbed of it.

There was but one way to return that money, and Lucy took that way. She gave her life for it, as I may fairly declare. She sent it by her brother to her father's employer, a kindly person whom I have seen turn pale at the mere mention of this occurrence.

John Calderwood was released, and if there is a man on earth who can be depended upon to go to his grave without touching liquor again I think my recently acquired father-in-law is that man.

The Uses of Rubber.

It is probable that no other commodity ever came into such varied use within so short a period as india rubber. First employed practically for footwear and other waterproof apparel, rubber has come to be employed in electrical insulation, hose pipes for the conveyance of water, steam, air and so on; pneumatic and other tires for all sorts of wheeled vehicles, balloons and the planes of aerial machines, innumeral articles for the comfort of invalids, household conveniences and what not. Thus far rubber has never come into use to an important extent for any given purpose to which it is not still devoted. In other words, its advantages are so marked in many uses that when once introduced no substitute can be found for it.—Cassier's Magazine.

Odd Hair Styles.

Some of the New Hebrides people do their hair up in a bunch on the top of the head and stain it yellow, while the inhabitants of the Ombai islands pass it all through a tube so as to make a kind of plume. The Marquesas chief's favorite method is to shave all the head except two patches, one over each temple, where he cultivates two horns of hair. No doubt this is to render him more a thing of terror to his enemies than admiration to his friends. His reason for shaving the rest of the head is to allow more space for tattooing, as if all the available skin of the body were not enough.

THE STATELY STORK.

His Immense Power on the Wing and His Lack of Voice.

In Holland the nests of storks are generally on the summit of a tall post, put up on purpose for them, on which is fixed an old cart wheel. Says an English writer: "A Dutch gentleman of my acquaintance has one such post in his grounds within sight of his library window, but he improves on the cart wheel by having an iron framework for the reception of the nest. The first year it was put up, toward the end of June, a solitary young stork used to come daily and inspect this framework. I saw him there myself one day, standing in the empty receptacle exactly like a would be benedict inspecting an empty house, contemplating the view and wondering if the drains are all right. The verdict was apparently favorable, for next season saw the nest occupied by the newly wedded pair. Their power of wing is very fine, and on hot days I have watched them ascending spiral circles, hardly moving their broad, black wings, till they have looked no bigger than flies. After the young are hatched they appear to be suspicious of one another and unwilling to leave the nest unguarded."

Storks have no voice. The only noise they make is "klappering" (snapping their great red mandibles rapidly and loudly). Thus they greet one another, generally by throwing back the head until the upper mandible rests on the back, but occasionally "klappering" is performed with the head and bill in the natural position.

GREENWICH MERIDIAN.

Its Relation to Standard Time In This Country.

Standard time is the time in common use regulating the ordinary affairs of life. It is derived from the sun. Leaving out of account small irregularities of the solar motion that are of no consequence for our present purpose, when that celestial body is on the meridian of any place we call the time of that place noon, or 12 o'clock. It follows that when it is noon at any given place it is similarly noon at all other places having the same meridian. As the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, it is evident that when it is crossing the meridian of any place it must have already passed that of places to the eastward and not yet reached that of places to the westward. In other words, when it is noon in the given place it is forenoon in places to the westward and afternoon in places to the eastward.

Now, 15 degrees of longitude correspond exactly to one hour of time difference, and therefore the local times of the several standard meridians differ from Greenwich by an even number of hours. In the United States the standard time meridians are those whose longitudes are west of Greenwich 60, 75, 90, 105 and 120 degrees. The time of these meridians is respectively four, five, six, seven and eight hours earlier than Greenwich time because the sun in traveling across the sky from east to west passes the Greenwich meridian before it reaches the American meridians.—New York American.

THE MASTER SUN.

Sirius, the Dog Star, May Be the Center of Attraction.

Astronomers once believed that the entire starry universe revolved around a center of attraction, and the star named Alcyone, in the group of the Pleiades, was selected by Maedler as marking that great center.

It has long been known, however, that Maedler's conclusion, which was based on the apparent motions of the stars, was incorrect, and if any universal center exists it has not yet been discovered. In fact, many of the stars seem to be moving in straight lines, some in one direction and some in another, and among these is our own sun. But it is possible that further observations will show that all the stars are really moving in curved lines.

In the meantime it has been found that there are certain groups or sets of stars which appear to travel together. To what set, if any, the sun belongs we do not yet know, but Delauney has presented reasons for thinking that those stars whose distances have been measured (that is to say, those which are nearest to us) group themselves around Sirius, the dog star, in a manner similar to that in which the inner planets are grouped around the sun.

If this be correct Sirius may possibly be the master sun of which our orb of day is a distant satellite.—Harper's Weekly.

GLYCERIN.

In Many Ways It Is a Most Remarkable Substance.

One of the great advantages of glycerin in its chemical employment is the fact that it neither freezes nor evaporates under any ordinary temperature. No perceptible loss by evaporation has been detected at a temperature less than 200 degrees F., but if heated intensely it decomposes with a smell that few persons find themselves able to endure. It burns with a pale flame, similar to that from alcohol, if heated to about 300 degrees and then ignited. Its nonevaporative qualities make the compound of much use as a vehicle for holding pigments and colors, as in stamping and typewriter ribbons, carbon papers and the like.

If the pure glycerin be exposed for a long time to a freezing temperature it crystallizes with the appearance of sugar candy; but, these crystals being once melted, it is almost an impossibility to get them again into the congealed state. If a little water be added to the glycerin no crystallization will take place, though under a sufficient degree of cold the water will separate and form crystals, amid which the glycerin will remain in its natural state of fluidity. If suddenly subjected to intense cold, pure glycerin will form a gummy mass which cannot be entirely hardened or crystallized. Altogether it is quite a peculiar substance.